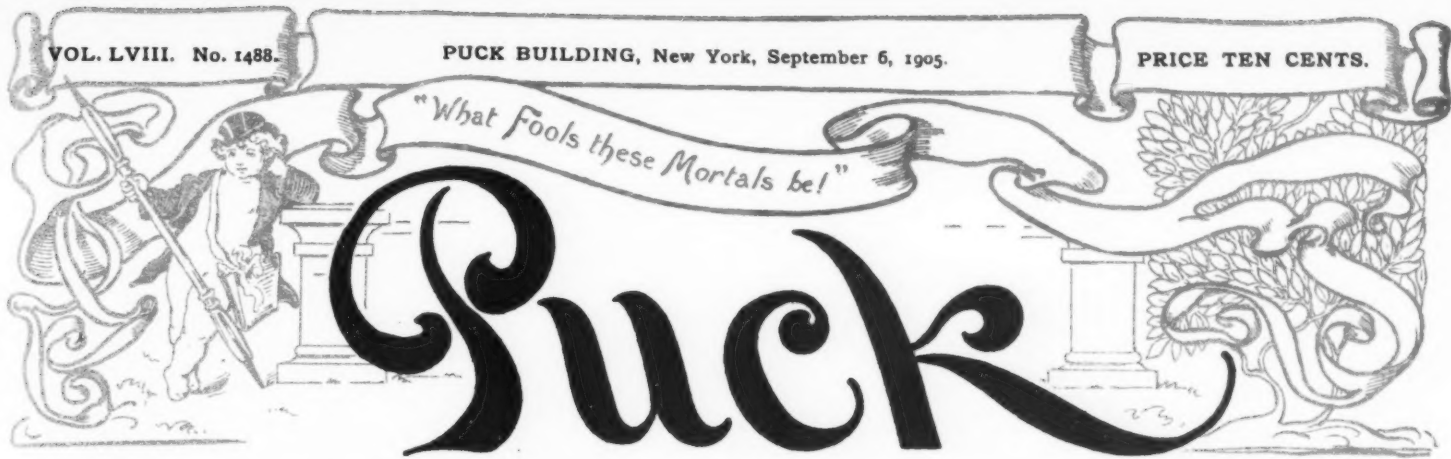


VOL. LVIII. No. 1488.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, September 6, 1905.

PRICE TEN CENTS.



Copyright, 1905, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



THE NATIONAL BIRD OF PREY.



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
Publishers and Proprietors
Corner Lafayette & Houston Sts., New York

PUCK
No. 1488 WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1905
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

Published every Wednesday. \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

RUSSIA'S SYSTEM of treaty-making—make, then break—Japan will do well to bear in mind.

WE DON'T mind saying that the Hon. Robert Fulton Cutting, President of the Citizens' Union, frequently gives us a pain.

SARATOGA is to have a "Temple of Chance." This sounds better than "gambling hell," but there is no difference in the house's percentage.

THE SHAH of Persia says he likes Col. Cody's Wild West Show better than grand opera. Well, for that matter, so does —
T—the R—t.

WHAT, PRAY, has Brazil ever done to the United States that we should contemplate sending her an ambassador in the shape of "Paul Jones" Loomis?

ONE BY ONE our illusions fade, our cherished facts scale down. It has been ascertained that Mount Whitney is twenty feet shorter than the geographies have made it.

MAYOR DUNNE of Chicago was right when he said:
Municipal ownership of public utilities is no idle dream. For Mayor Dunne, it has been thus far a mighty busy dream.

GOV. HERRICK of Ohio is credited with having "renounced" Boss Cox. We commend to the Governor's attention Ecclesiastes XII: 7 — "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

MISTAKEN FOR a hotel porter, Booker Washington answered "Certainly, Madame," when a woman asked him for ice-water. Moreover, he went to the office and communicated the order to the clerk. We wonder how Governor Vardaman would have acted in the same circumstances.

MR. ROOSEVELT's plunge in the Plunger is only further evidence of his disposition to go to the bottom of things.

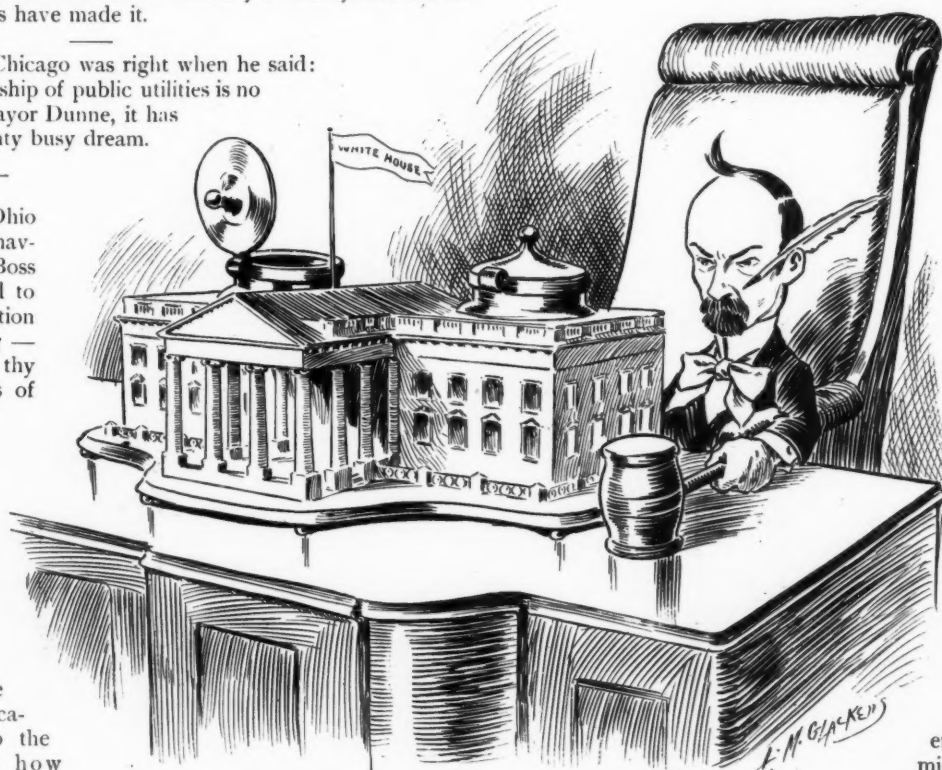
MAYOR WOODWARD of Atlanta claims "it was all said laughingly" at Toledo. Every one laughed, he declares. Naturally. Ha, ha (hic) ha!

MERELY A HINT to the Hon. John Mitchell: Proclaim that "God in his infinite wisdom" has transferred "the property interests of the country" from President Baer to the Mine Workers' Union.

A SCIENTIFIC REVIEW which discusses "Organs We Can Dispense With," neglects to mention the one which tears off a yard of "Il Trovatore." Compared to the hand-organ, the vermiform appendix is indispensable.

NORTH CAROLINA reports a camp meeting the programme of which included a "holy dance" and a "holy trot." It is not too

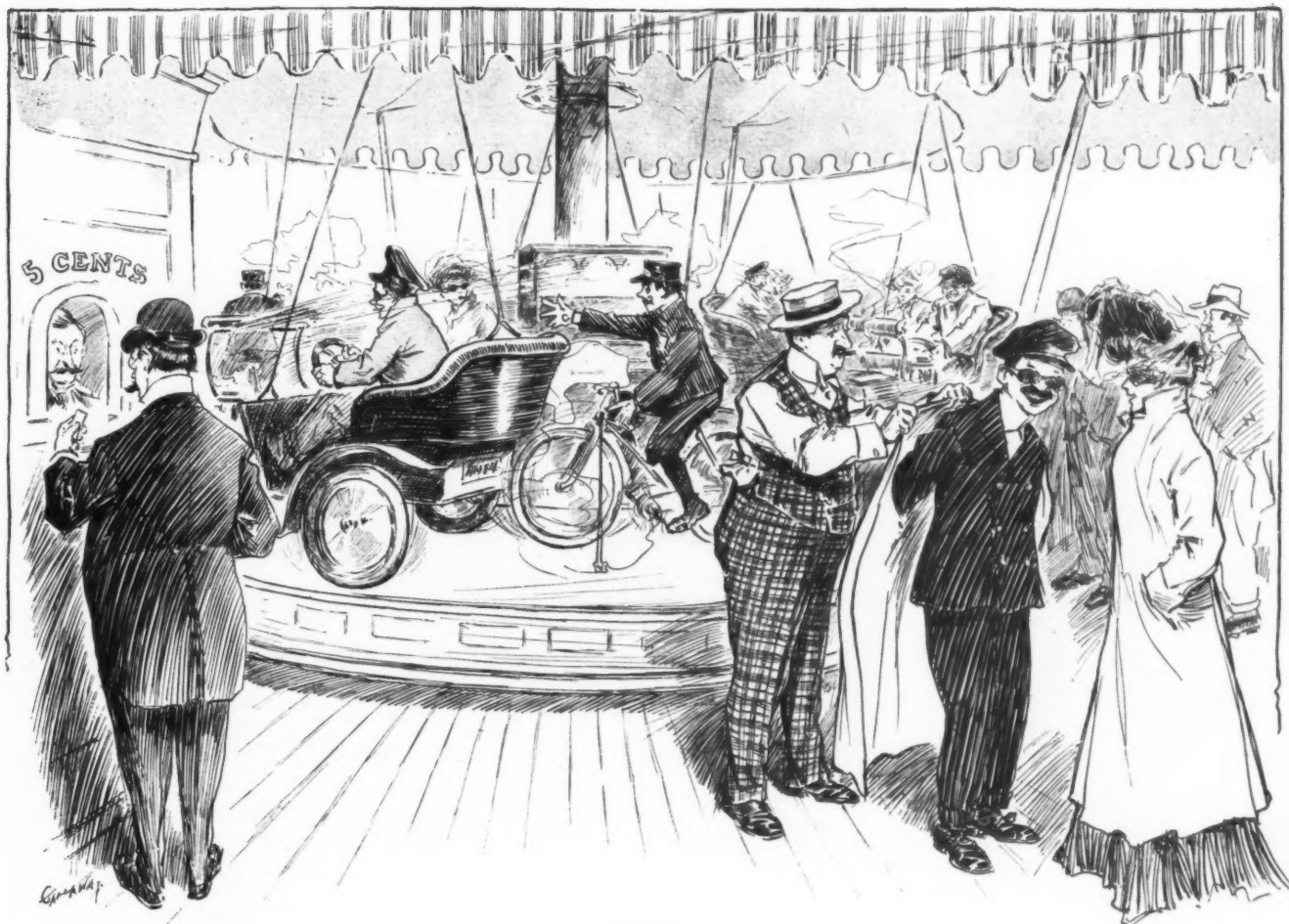
much to assume that the male portion of the meeting indulged after service in a surreptitious but "holy smoke."



THAT MYSTERIOUS FAIRBANKS INKSTAND.

PUCK IS PRIVILEGED TO PRESENT A PICTURE OF IT.

THE BELIEF that the Congressional Pilgrimage to the Philippines will aid materially the cause of Philippine free trade has, we trust, a sound foundation of fact. The Congressmen who accompanied Secretary Taft are said to be convinced that from the Filipinos our teething infant industries have nothing to fear, but before their hopes get too strong a hold on them, the Filipinos should recall that among those *not* present in their far eastern midst at the time of Taft's visit was a certain stubborn body called the Senate.



NEXT?

MANAGER (*Murphy's Patent Auto-Go-Round*).—Yer can't beat it, Gent! What's de use of payin' ten t'ousand for a tourin' car when yer kin get de rig, de togs, de dust, de smell an' a bicycle cop t' chase yer—all fur a nickel?

THISTLEDOWN.



LONG the way it tarries here and there
Heading for nowhere in particular.
First it goes twisting round the mossy bar
And then a-down the dusty thoroughfare.
Its silver whiskers sleek and debonnair
One moment monkey with the daisy star
Then like the steam drift from a samovar
It swirls about and does n't seem to care
A continental where it goes so long
As it's quite happy on its merry way.
'T is like a woman who Joy's wave-crest tops
When idly floating on the wings of song
She pauses everywhere among the gay
Objects for which she fondly lives and shops.

R. K. Munkittrick.

PROGRESSIVE REFORM IN RUSSIA.

THE EMPEROR, it is well known, hopes to signalize the first birthday of the infant heir apparent by a manifesto summoning the representatives of the people.—*St. Petersburg Dispatch*.

ON THE authority of a high Russian official, whose name for obvious reasons may not be disclosed, PUCK is able to announce a few more reforms keeping pace with the growth of the infant Czarevitch.

The Emperor hopes to signalize the heir apparent's first appearance in short pants by placing ball-bearing shackles on all Siberian prisoners with a record of good behavior, replacing the crude shackles now in use.

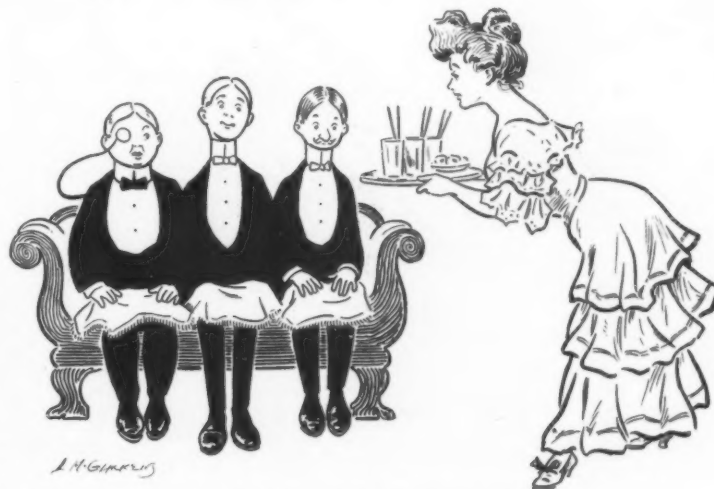
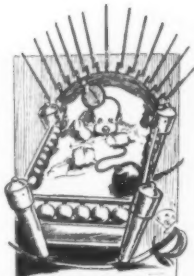
When the Czarevitch's curls are cut off, the Emperor hopes to signalize the solemn occasion by a manifesto establishing Zemstvos in Seoul, Port Arthur and Tokio.

On the thrice-blessed day when the Czarevitch dons his first long pants, the good-hearted Emperor hopes to signalize the occasion by doing something for the Jews. No Cossack will be encouraged to shoot a Jew who keeps a distance of fifty paces. The Emperor has long had this reform in mind.

On the occasion of the Czarevitch's first shave the Emperor will summon a popular assembly and distribute crayon portraits of the royal family.

Whenever the heir apparent reports to his doting parent that he has found a kopeck rolling up hill, the Emperor pledges himself to abdicate in favor of a republican form of government.

Long life to the heir apparent!



SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

Consistency is about the most expensive jewelry a person can wear.

THE AUTOILIARS.

WHEN you meet him first he comes up to you at a card party or an afternoon tea or waiting for a train and putting his fatherly hand on your shoulder says: "Well, I hear you 're in the game."

"Yes," you reply. "And it's great, isn't it?"

Your friend ignores your enthusiasm. He looks at you fixedly. He smiles a superior smile.

"Have you had any trouble?" he asks, in a manner that seems to imply: "You have; I know you have."

Being only an amateur and not versed in the tricks of owning an auto, you assure him in a burst of confidence that you *have* had trouble. You have broken down once, twice or thrice. You tell him the harrowing details, and he listens with looks of genuine sympathy. You conclude, looking him frankly in the face. You feel that henceforth there must be some sort of a bond between you. And then you say in a burst of good fellowship. "Of course you know how it is. You can feel for me. Doubtless you have been there many times yourself."

In reply your friend draws himself up. He waves his hand deprecatingly, as if, after all, perhaps it is best to excuse your insinuation on the ground of your innocence.

"No," he replies with an effort to be polite. "I have n't the least idea. Never had any trouble myself. Don't know what such a thing means."

You believe him. In the fresh innocent purity of your uncorrupted apprenticeship you find yourself secretly envying him.

"How do you manage it?" you ask in awestruck tones.

He waves his hand again.

"Oh, it's partly in the car itself—partly in the care I give it."

"You never break down?"

"Never."

"Never get a puncture?"

"Oh, at rare intervals. Merely a matter of ten minutes. Rather pleasant exercise."

You think of the day before when, covered with perspiration and dust, you cursed your young life away in the ambient afternoon for an hour or more trying to get an inner tube out of its hiding-place, and you wonder if you will ever get to the point where you consider all this only as a "pleasant exercise."



TURN ABOUT.

MR. ECKBAUM (*a visitor*).—You must haf nice times here, Morris.

MR. COHENSTEIN (*a Summer resident*).—Oh, it vas nod bad, but nod so goot dis year as last. Der place vas getting to be overrun mit Gentiles.

The next time you meet your friend, it is in the repair shop.

"What!" you exclaim. "You here?"

He smiles.

"Bearings, you know," he says, "will get loose. I just ran in here to have them tightened up."

Later you learn that his car has been there two days and it begins to dawn on you with a secret sense of joy, that your friend is not so truthful as you believed.

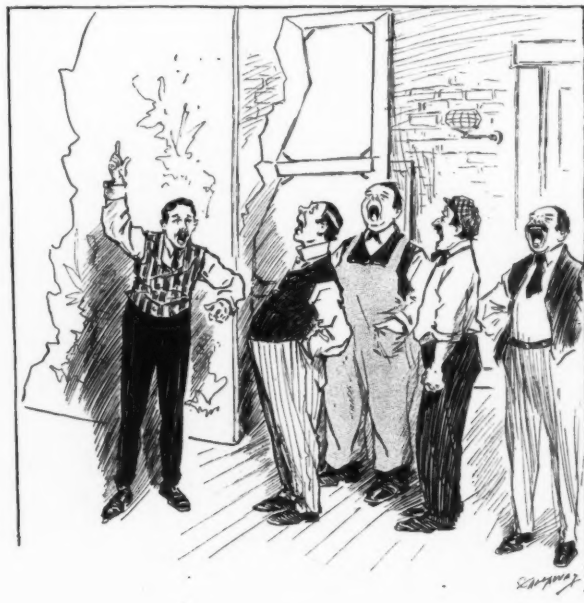
Henceforth but two objects animate you: to find out just how big a liar he is, and to conceal from him the fact that you know it. The more he lies, the more comforting it is to you; and for fear that he may find out that you know it, you take every precaution to

"THE WOLVES OF DARKEST SIBERIA."



I.

KATINKA RUNOFFSKI.—Merciful Heaven, Ivan, the wolves are gaining! How horribly they howl!



II.

STAGE MANAGER (*to the wolves*).—Now, boys, a long howl, a strong howl and a howl all together!

guard against this. You anticipate his own explanation. You get so after a while that you begin to lie for him, before he has had the chance to do so himself.

"Somebody must have been fooling with your machine to have your coil give out that way," you assert.

"That's it," he replied. "That must have been it."

After a while he gets so that he relies upon you to invent lies for him.

Until there comes the day when, as you are working over your mixture, or your valves, or your carbureter, or some unknown thing that has given out, by the side of the road, you look up and, lo! your friend is approaching, ignominiously being towed home.

The cortege stops. You silently go over and shake his hand. And then, at last, as you gaze into each other's eyes, you feel that you understand each other.

"Old man," he says, "I'm a liar, I've been trying to deceive you. The fact is, I'm always in trouble."

And you reply:

"Don't mention it, old chap. It's the only comfort of my automobiliousness."

Tom Masson.



LOOPING THE LOOP.

(With apologies to the late Lord Tennyson.)



NE dime and clanging bell,
And then a long incline;
And, going up, I hope there'll
be no yell
Or other sign.

But such a track as sloping seems so steep,—
Too high for man to go,—
And then the ground is most a hundred feet
Or more below.

The top, and then we poise,
And then a zizzling zoop;
And may she make no loud, soul-piercing noise,
When Mamie loops the loop.

And though from out our bourne of sea and shore,
That loop has whirled her far,
She always says: "Let's do it just once more,
Before we leave the car!"

Robert G. Bellah.

ON A LONG JOURNEY.

(From the Bungtown Clarion, 1925.)

COLONEL JONATHANN WATTKYNS, one of Bungtown's most respected citizens, was removed from our midst by an extraordinary, but none the less deplorable, mishap last Tuesday. While the perpetual motion batteries on his 3600-horsepower pneumatic aerial motor car Space Annihilator were being repaired, the workmen shifted all of the ballast to the rear compartments and carelessly neglected to readjust it after completing the repairs. As a result, when Colonel Wattkyns, intending to take a short dash out to San Francisco, turned on the power, the car pointed its nose straight upward and began to ascend with terrific velocity. When last seen, it was still going on a bee-line for the zenith, and, as there was no way by which Colonel Wattkyns could turn its prow earthward, there is every reason to believe that, at this writing, it is continuing on the same course.

Professor Wise-Oelburd, by a nice calculation in astronomical and cosmic mathematics, in which he took into consideration the

THE BOSTON COFFEE PARTY.

PLAIN DUTY OF HUB PATRIOTS SHOULD CONGRESS "TAX THE BREAKFAST TABLE."

direction in which Colonel Wattkyns was traveling and the known speed of the Space Annihilator (1.63 miles a second) estimated that the car should meet the earth again in 197 days, 4 hours and 3 and a fraction minutes. However, as Colonel Wattkyns carried only an eight-day supply of food pellets, the Professor's deduction, while theoretically reassuring, conveys slight actual hope for the aeronaut's safe return, and steps have already been taken to probate his estate.

In fact, the Professor's calculation has caused much alarm, and, while it is the general desire of this community that Colonel Wattkyns ultimately receive decent Christian burial, the hope is expressed that the point of contact of the Space Annihilator with this terrestrial sphere shall be some untraveled patch of ocean or the lately discovered polar abyss.

Mr. Lemuel Wetherill, through his Yerkes pocket telescope, witnessed the unfortunate departure of Colonel Wattkyns. He says that, even after an interval of twenty minutes, he could still see the Colonel, then nearly 2,000 miles distant, waving a pathetic farewell to his native town.

Edmund Stover.

A DEFINITION.

LITTLE ELMER. — Papa, what is a fire-eater—a man who is always wanting to fight?

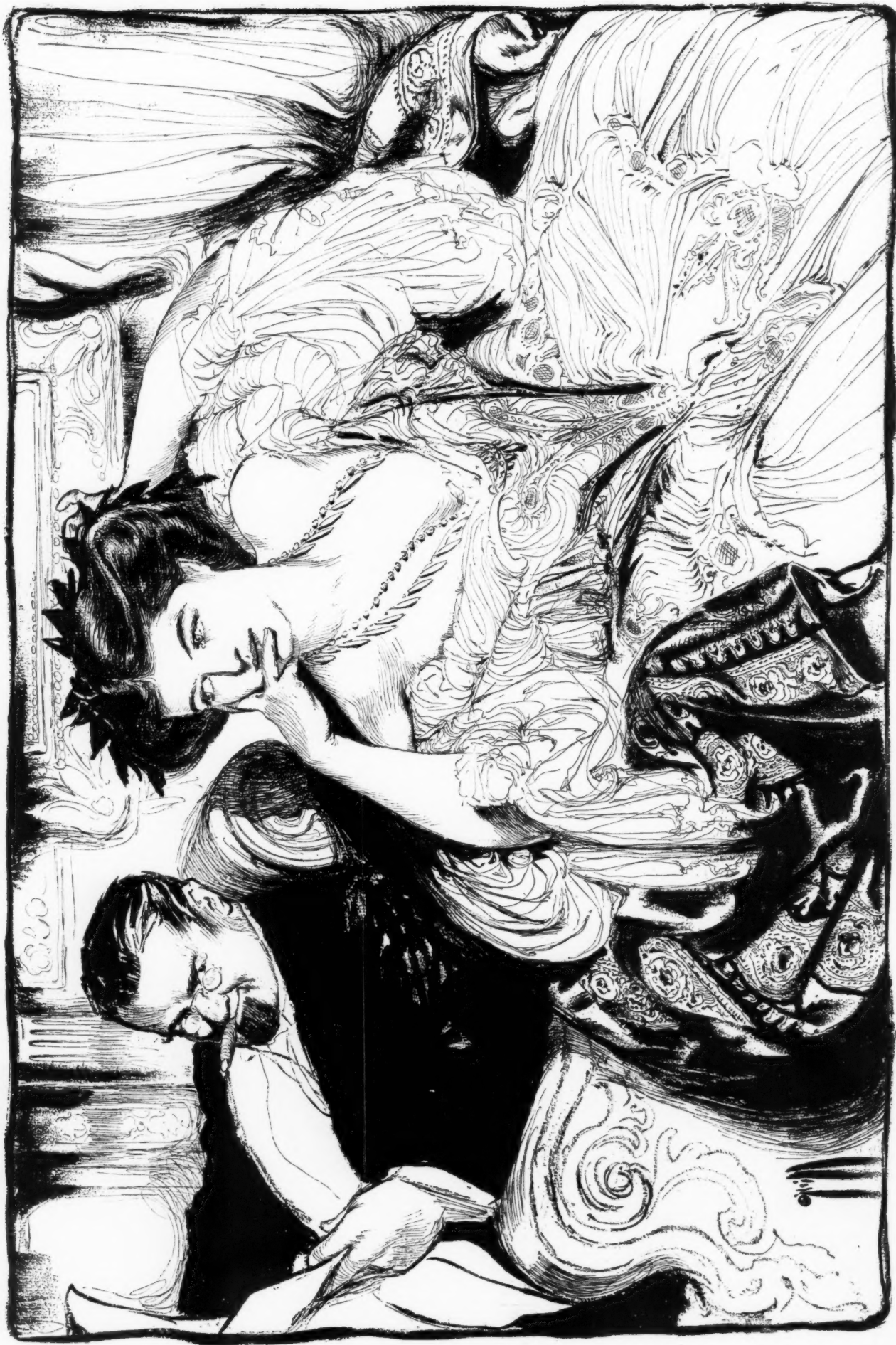
PROFESSOR BROADHEAD. — No, my son. A fire-eater is a man who would rather eat fire than fight.



THE MAGIC THREE.

Mr. Endelstein, of the Money Lenders' Tennis Club, finds it impossible to serve with less than three balls in the air.

A man naturally shrinks from a ceremonious wedding. No man relishes finding out how mere he is, and still less does he relish having it published to the world.



NEEDED THEM IN HIS BUSINESS.

Miss GOTROX.—Nearly all my admirers think I should be able to get tips from you on the market.
GOTROX.—Encourage them in that belief, my dear. It won't be long before I'll be ready to unload the stock I'm carrying.



WHEN MA READS.

'EN MA, she rede th' paper
It kind a tickels me,
T' watch her peerin' hear an' ther'
As plyty as kin bee
She 'll spot a crooul merder
An' rede a littel bit,
An' nen she 'll jumpe t' this hear part:

DIED.

SIMPSON, JAS. DEWITT—

I 've offun saw her redein'
About a drefful reck
W'ere men wus killed mos' horrabul—
An' nen she 'd recaleck,
An' fuss among th' pagis
As bissy as kin bee,
Untill she found a thing 'at looked
Like this:

* SOCIETY *

Sometimes she 'll rede a skandul
An' hang on purty tite;
But evun that won't intrust her
W'en this hear com's in site:

BIG SALE
OF
LINEN NAPKINS!
THE FINEST
IN OUR STORE
Begins To-Morrow Morning!

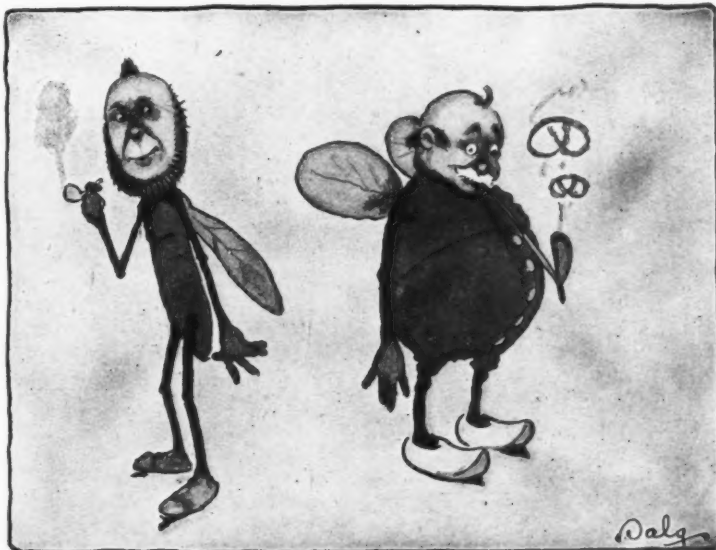
(AISLE 7, SECOND FLOOR)

Charles R. Barnes.

CONEY ISLE IN 1906.

THE press agent of Pipedreamland, Coney Island, announces the following partial list of next season's attractions, to supplant those now on exhibition:

THE PANAMA CANAL.—Showing a busy day on this stupendous paper waterway. Magnificent picture of still life. Gorgeous spectacle of *dolce far niente*. Thirty panoramic miles of nothing doing.



THE MICROBE AND THE GERM.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM AS SHOWN BY THE MICROSCOPE.



IN SUNNY TENNESSEE.

HANK.—Ding it! Th' minister 's gone away for a month's vacation!

LAFF.—What of it?

HANK.—Why, I wanted to shoot Zeb Thompson next Sunday in Church; Now, I 'll have to wait till October!

THE EQUITABLE WAR.—A stirring battle piece, showing the bombardment of the Equitable by an army of policy holders armed with tontine guns, insurance maxims, and cash surrender values. Grand march of the agents, carrying memoranda books, blotters and paperweights. Dress parade of the Hazen Hyde Zouaves, armed with atomizers loaded with violet water. Charge of the Depew Light-fingered Battery, firing bum mots and explanations. Grand climax: Paul Morton, on his famous charger Rebate, charging the salary list and sabering stipends right and left.

THE DASH OF DEATH.—A ride in a New York ambulance. Combines, in one exciting whole, all the principal features of looping the loop, bumping the bumps, shooting the chutes, and falling down an elevator shaft. Real cobblestones used.

FIGHTING THE TRUCKS.—Realistic panorama showing Broadway and Canal Street. Five hundred of McAdoo's famous Traffic Squad holding up a lone truckman. Impressive spectacle of the majesty of the law.

Among other features, too numerous to mention, will be "The Last Supper of Hazen Hyde," by Gerome; "The Obscenic Railway;" "The Last Grand Street Car."

Concessions granted: Peanut privilege, D. Hill; groceries, B. Odell; fish pond, G. Cleveland; "Try Your Strength," B. Jerome; Bumping the Bumps, C. Depew.

AWKWARD TO CONTROL.

MRS. DUTELL.—What do you think? Mrs. Gadsby told me that Mrs. Passitt told her that Mrs. Beakon-Hill said that whenever she met you it was absolutely impossible for her to interject a word edgewise!

MRS. CHATTERTON (*sympathetically*).—Poor thing! Is n't it really too bad she does n't learn some smaller words?

KISHINEFF MUST BE PAID



BE PAID FOR — WITH INTEREST.

I came to a mountain of quivering steel,
The lantern swung out, I heard the gong peal,
And off in the night with a rumble and jar
The "Limited" sped like a runaway star;
Like the tail of a kite the coaches behind
Rumbled and rocked in an echoing grind.
Topped through valley and tunnel and glade,
Thundered along the steep mountain grade.
A hundred more miles, the crimson sparks fly,
A blur of red lights and a shadow sweeps by;
And the man in the cab says: "What a close pinch!"
We missed the fast freight by half of an inch!
But who thinks of dangers if I can but show
We've lowered the time by a minute or so?"

I stood by the roadway, and like a storm gust
There came a bright flash in a halo of dust,
And then a red car with headlights agleam
Swept by with a din and a spilling of steam;
It ripped up the road with a rush and a roar
And bounced over ditches and fences galore;
The man at the wheel was haggard and limp,
And manted in rubber with orbs like an imp;
He struck a farm wagon and watched it careen,
And leaning far over his plunging machine,
He bellowed: " Who cares for man or for beast?
I've lowered my record a minute at least!"

I came to the ferry that crosses the Styx.
Thought I, the old ferryman 's in a bad fix;
His paddle is broken, he hasn't an oar,
He'll never get over the ferry, that's sure.
But Charon came out in a stunning blue suit,
And giving his sinners ear-splitter a boot,
He started the motors. I am sure there were six,
And like a red rocket we tore up the Styx;
Swifter and swifter the mighty wheels turned,
The decks were a tremble, the water was
 churned;
An ocean-like swell was filling our wake,
Each spurt of the pistons the old boat would
 quake,
And Charon exclaimed as we sighted the shore,
"I lowered my time by a minute or more!"

**Speed! Speed! 'T is the craze of the world,
Let us speed through life with a bullet-like whirl,
Away with all caution—They're cowards who heed
The danger restrictions— Just give us more speed!**

Mr. S. Kreech Owl was noticed going home at seven o'clock on Monday evening. He had been out all day with the boys.

*Invented for the Convenience of Summer (and
Winter) Girls.*

THE UNITED SYNDICATES OF AMERICA.

PROSPECTUS FOR ESTABLISHING A NEW GOVERNMENT.



WHEN, in the course of human events, a Government can no longer fulfill the purpose of its existence, it becomes, *ipso facto*, extinct, the people then being free and ready to receive Bids and Specifications for a new Structure. (If this statement is not self-evident, it can be easily deduced from the Declaration of Independence and be Nebular Hypothesis by applying the Binominal Theorem.)

The United States of America, as a Government, is an anachronism. It is founded on a fallacious principle. The territorial division of government is the last lingering relic of Feudalism.

This system was perfected in England by William of Normandy, for the purpose of holding in subjection a conquered people. The idea, however, was invented for political purposes some centuries before, by Servius Tullius in Rome. Servius Tullius was the first great Machine Politician. Up to his day, the Roman State had been divided, along lines of blood-relationship, into tribes, *curiae*, *gentes* and families. These, which comprised the Patricians only, ran the country, while the *plebs*, the Great Common People, had absolutely no voice in the government. Then Servius Tullius, a man with an ambition, conceived the idea of a division into *territorial tribes*, wards, counties or states, which would admit the *plebs* to the franchise. As a reward for his disinterested services, Servius Tullius "attained the royal dignity by plebian support," which means that he was elected king by the Great Common People, whose cause he had so unselfishly espoused. This was the first gerrymander.

Now, if the people of the New World are ever to effect a real independence of the Old, the Territorial Idea must be abandoned, and an original, a strictly New World system substituted in its place. The Government of a great Commercial Nation should be constructed along business lines.

It is, therefore, proposed (1) to abolish the States, (2) to abolish the United States, and (3) to establish a new, up-to-date Government, to be known as the United Syndicates of America.

This new Government will consist of a gigantic merger of the corporations, an Indestructible Union of Sovereign and Indestructible Syndicates.

"A Parliament of Pelf, a Federation of the Trusts."

The President, Vice-president and Cabinet of the United Syndicates of America will, naturally, be "those high and mighty Few"—John D. Rockefeller, James Pierpont Morgan, George Gould, August Belmont, E. H. Harriman, P. D. Armour, etc., etc.

These proposals are founded on the self-evident proposition, that those, who own the country, should rule it. Let us recognise the truth and fear-



THE REAL THING.

MRS. IKKI.—I wish you would n't be such a tight-wad! I have n't a thing fit to wear.

MR. IKKI.—Blinkin' Borealis! Why, woman, you have the finest seal coat in two degrees of latitude!

MRS. IKKI.—And what of it? There goes Mrs. Blubberton swaggering around in a real sealette coat with plush trimmings!

lessly express it in our institutions! Our present professions are absolutely embarrassing to our Senators.

There is the additional consideration in favor of these proposals that under the new Government, there would be no annoying questions of supervising and regulating the trusts. Like a seven-day clock, they would be self-regulating.

A final and convincing argument in favor of the new Government is that the whole country would soon be employed by one or other of the Syndicates. Every citizen would, therefore, belong to the Civil Service—would, being a serf, be *syndico ascriptus*, and hold his position for life.

Clarke Tandy.

SORRY NOW HE SPOKE.

THE DEPARTING GUEST (after paying his bill, sarcastically).—I sincerely hope your conscience won't trouble you!

THE SUMMER HOTEL PROPRIETOR (blandly).—Don't worry, sir; we don't care how you got the money!

IF Might makes Right it must keep a good many of its factories closed most of the time.



IN CLASSIC COPLEY SQUARE.

WALDO.—Have you been graduated from the kindergarten as yet?
MINERVA.—Oh yes, but I have still to receive my degree.

If all the world loves a lover, why does it take such a fiendish delight in catching him at it?



Gillette Safety Razor

"King of Them All"

and the most unique business proposition that the man who shaves himself has ever faced.

One of the many reasons for its success is because it has thoroughly, convincingly, and scientifically solved the shaving problem and is fast eradicating the barber habit with its expense and discomfort.

The **Gillette Safety Razor** is different mechanically from any razor made, and is technically superior, as hundreds of thousands of **Gillette** shavers will gladly attest.

Let the **Gillette** theory convince you as it has others.

No matter how tender your face or how wiry your beard, the **Gillette Safety Razor** will give a clean, even, and velvety shave without fear of cutting or irritating the skin.

The **Gillette Safety Razor** costs complete \$5.00. Sold everywhere at this price—is beautifully finished, triple silver plated, comes in a compact little velvet-lined case.

Each **Gillette** set consists of 12 double-edged wafer blades.

These blades are hardened, tempered, ground, and sharpened by a secret and patented process and

NEVER REQUIRE HONING OR STROPPING

Think of always having a blade in perfect order. Think of the time, money, and labor you save because the **Gillette** blade is different from other blades and each will shave from 20 to 40 times. With 12 blades at your disposal you will have

Over 400 shaves at less than one cent a shave

after which you can purchase 12 new blades for \$1.00.

Ask your dealer for the **Gillette Safety Razor** and accept no substitutes. He can procure it for you.

Write for our interesting booklet to-day, which explains our 30-day free trial offer. Most dealers make this offer; if yours does not, we will.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY

1162 Times Building, 42d Street and Broadway, New York.



OUT TO-DAY!

Puck's Monthly Magazine No. 9

entitled

"Just Home!"

Brimful of fun from cover to cover

Over seventy illustrations by the best
COMIC ARTISTS

Price 10 cents per copy

All newsdealers, or by mail from the
publishers on receipt of price

Address PUCK, NEW YORK

FIXED.

"They say his wife will not trust him out of her sight when they are in society."

"I should think she'd be afraid, if that is the case, to let him continue in his present business. I understand that he has more than thirty women in his office."

"No. She is n't afraid. You see instead of providing a home for her homely older sister she makes him employ the lady as his secretary."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

SPECIAL TERMS.

"And have you any special terms for summer girls when they come in a party?" asked the pretty brunette in the mountain hotel.

"Yes, indeed," responded the clerk, suavely.

"And what are they?"

"'Peaches' and 'dears.'"—*Chicago Daily News.*

A FAVORABLE TRIAL.

"Yes, he tried out my voice and said it was the sweetest he ever heard."

"Was it after you had sung for him?"

"No, it was after I had said 'yes' when he asked me to marry him."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A WISE CHILD.

"The baby always becomes perfectly quiet when I sing to it," said the proud young father.

"Yes," answered the mother, "it knows that if it makes a noise you will keep on singing."—*Washington Star.*

MANY a man whirls in to reform the world, only to discover at last that he did n't know how to reform himself.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!



TWO VIEWPOINTS.

MISTRESS.—Bridget, that cigar Officer Keegan was smoking in the kitchen last night was simply awful!

BRIDGET.—Yes 'm—he says he don't see how your husband can shmoke thim!

If you need a bracer in the morning try a glass of soda and a little of Abbott's Angostura Bitters. You'll be surprised how it will brighten you up.

Don't Be Too Late

How often does the examining doctor have to say to applicants for life insurance: "If you had applied a year ago you would have passed." Don't you be too late.

Shall we send you some literature?

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
PHILADELPHIA.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish
Bar Keepers' Friend
It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals and wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 206 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Southwestern Limited—Best Train for Cincinnati and St. Louis—NEW YORK CENTRAL

LEGERDEMAIN.

"You will see," said the Trust,
As its sleeves it upthrust,
"We plainly have naught to deceive
you;
Our store of gold 's scant,
And the state of our plant
Is such that it really should grieve
you."

Having made clear all that,
The Eureka pool hat —
Quite in line with the law's mani-
festo —
It gave a quick turn,
And had money to burn.
The trick 's merely done with a
"Presto!"
—Ballad of Untaxed Resources.

SEVERE.

"Do you care for amateur theatri-
cals?" asked the summer young man.
"I don't admire them," answered
Miss Cayenne. "But I enjoy them."
—Washington Star.

THE shortest horse gets the longest
odds.—Chicago Daily News.



Hunter Whiskey

Every Sideboard Needs It
Every Buyer Likes It
Every User Is Satisfied

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
11 and 13 Bleecker Street,
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, } New York.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

BUNNER'S Short Stories.

SHORT SIXES.
THE RUNAWAY BROWNS.
MADE IN FRANCE.
MORE SHORT SIXES.
THE SUBURBAN SAGE.

Five Volumes, in Paper, \$2.50
" " " " Cloth, 5.00
or separately: } Per Volume, in Paper, \$0.50
as follows: } " " " " Cloth, 1.00
For sale by all Booksellers, or from the
Publishers on receipt of price.
Address PUCK, New York.

The Standard Brands

These cigars are acknowledged as the **STANDARD BRANDS**
of Imported **HAVANA** cigars everywhere the world over.

AFRICANA	CAROLINA	ESTELLA	INTIMIDAD
ANTIGÜEDAD	COMERCIAL	FLOR DE CUBA	J.S. MURIAS
BOCK Y CA	CORONA	FLOR DE MURIAS	PEDRO MURIAS
CABAÑAS	DON QUIXOTE	FLOR DE YNCLAN	ROSA DE SANTIAGO
CARVAJAL	ESPAÑOLA	HENRY CLAY	VENCEDORA
ROSA AROMATICA	MANUEL GARCIA ALONSO	VILLAR Y VILLAR	

These justly famous factories now stand alone pre-eminent after
years of highest excellence in their production as having acquired
and sustained the first place in the World's Havana Cigar trade.

111 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. SELLING AGENTS FOR THE WORLD



A WORTHY CASE.

BEGGAR.—Kind Sirovitch, could you spareski a few coopeks?
CITIZEN.—That 's a strange dialect of yours, friend.
BEGGAR.—Alaseroff, yesski! I wuz an attaché of de Russian
Peace Party an' I'm stranded in a foreign land.

Nothing will quicker revolutionize the system and
put new life into it, than Abbott's Angostura Bitters.
At druggists and grocers.

DIFFICULTIES OF LANGUAGE.

The man who wants to pronounce every proper name he sees in print laid
down the lexicon and wiped his brow.
"The Japanese and Russians may be induced to cease fighting," he
remarked.
"Yes."
"They may cease fighting," he continued. "But it will be a long time
before they are on speaking terms."—Washington Star.

THE TRUTH OF IT.

"Yes," said the first shade in the Elysian fields, "I am Sir Walter Raleigh."
"Really?" exclaimed the new arrival. "Say, tell me, what was the real
cause of your trouble with Queen Elizabeth?"
"Well, I'll tell you," said Raleigh; "she wanted me to call her 'Liz' and
smoke cigarettes with her, and I would n't do it because, you know, cigarettes
were n't invented then."—Catholic Standard and Times.

MAMMA (after a shopping tour).—Oh, I forgot your candy, Margie, is n't
it a shame?
MARGIE (aged 4).—No, not a shame—but awfully stupid of you.—
Chicago Daily News.

Banquets

and dinners are satisfactory only
when the wine is satisfactory.

GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

—the Standard of American
Wines

Is the banquet wine *par
excellence*. It is the fa-
vorite in the homes where
the choicest of everything
is demanded.

"Of the six American
Champagnes exhibited at
the Paris Exposition of
1900, the GREAT WEST-
ERN was the only one
that received a GOLD
MEDAL."

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.
Sole Makers, - Rheims, N.Y.

Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.

Travel with Speed,
Comfort, Safety

BETWEEN

New York and Philadelphia

VIA

New Jersey Central

(Train Every Hour on the Hour)

PULLMAN PARLOR CARS. OBSERVA-
TION AND CAFE CARS. NO
DUST, SMOKE OR DIRT.

NINETY MILES
IN TWO HOURS

New York Stations:
Foot West 23d Street, N. R.
Foot Liberty Street, N. R.

THE
LIQUEUR
OF
POLITE
SOCIETY



THE
LIQUEUR
OF
POLITE
SOCIETY

LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX —GREEN AND YELLOW—

THIS FAMOUS CORDIAL, NOW MADE AT TARRAGONA, SPAIN, WAS FOR CENTURIES DISTILLED BY THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS (PÈRES CHARTREUX) AT THE MONASTERY OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE, FRANCE, AND KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS CHARTREUSE. THE ABOVE CUT REPRESENTS THE BOTTLE AND LABEL EMPLOYED IN THE PUTTING UP OF THE ARTICLE SINCE THE MONKS' EXPULSION FROM FRANCE, AND IT IS NOW KNOWN AS LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX (THE MONKS, HOWEVER, STILL RETAIN THE RIGHT TO USE THE OLD BOTTLE AND LABEL AS WELL), DISTILLED BY THE SAME ORDER OF MONKS WHO HAVE SECURELY GUARDED THE SECRET OF ITS MANUFACTURE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS AND WHO ALONE POSSESS A KNOWLEDGE OF THE ELEMENTS OF THIS DELICIOUS NECTAR.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Bâtjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for United States.

THE PRUDENTIAL SECURES SOME BRITISH TERRITORY.

Rock of Gibraltar Arrives at the Insurance Company's Home Office.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America, well known for its world-famed trade-mark, "The Prudential Has the Strength of Gibraltar," has just received, at its Home Office, in Newark, N. J., a great slice of the rock from the famous English fortress on the Mediterranean.

By arrangement with the American consul at Gibraltar, R. L. Sprague, this rock was quarried from the parent rock and forwarded to America on the North German Lloyd steamer "Koenig Albert," with certificate from the Admiralty Contractor at Gibraltar to prove its authenticity. Photographs showing the place from which the rock was cut out from Gibraltar have also been received by The Prudential.

The employees of The Prudential have a feeling of sentiment for the Rock of Gibraltar, the use of which as a trade-mark they feel has been largely instrumental in bringing about, through good advertising, increased popularity for The Prudential, and a public appreciation of the Scope and Strength of the Company, resulting from its Progressive and, at the same time, Conservative administration.

The Prudential selected Gibraltar as its trade-mark because of the great and renowned strength of that famous fortress. The rock which came to America is of grayish-white limestone of such an unusually dense and compact mass, and offering such difficulties to the stonemason, that the judgment of the Prudential officials in selecting Gibraltar as a trade-mark is well verified.

The English authorities at Gibraltar readily gave their consent to sending the Rock to The Prudential, and the only cost involved was that covering the shipment. Small portions of the Rock will be sent out as souvenirs to certain of the Company's employees.

GOUT & RHEUMATISM
Use the Great English Remedy
BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.
DRUGGISTS, or 93 Henry St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MODESTY.

"Do you know that if you had an income of a \$1 a minute night and day it would take you 1,900 years to accumulate a billion—that is, of course, not figuring in the interest?"

"How much would one have in a year with an income of \$1 a minute?"

"Let's see—\$535,600."

"Well, just lop off the other 1,899 years from my allowance, will you?"
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

UP TO HIM.

EVA.—So you are going to marry the young man from New York? Is he a 'captain of finance'?

EDNA.—I hope so. If he is n't he'll have to be a 'captain of industry' and hustle for both of us.—*Chicago Daily News.*

ROWNS.—Of course, it was business that detained me last night.

MRS. ROWNS.—Yes.

ROWNS.—Yes. You know I would n't deceive you.

MRS. ROWNS.—No, George, you would n't deceive me, no matter what you said.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE elderly maiden sings it softly to herself: "Every year 'll be leap year by and by."—*Somerville Journal.*

It is said that a man can get used to anything—except his wife's folks.—*Chicago Daily News.*

THE man who has never been able to participate in a graft deal is usually loudest in his expressions of joy when the other fellow is caught.—*Washington Post.*

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE



The Peerless Seasoning

A dash of which adds more relish to a greater number of dishes than does any other seasoning known to epicures. It gives piquancy to Soups, Oysters, Fish, all Roasts. Gravies, Salads, etc. For Cold Meats of all kinds
LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE is superb.

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York.

Pabst Blue Ribbon
The Beer of Quality
Refreshing, invigorating, satisfying.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER
After Shaving.
Insist that your barber use Mennen's Toilet Powder after he shaves you. It is Antiseptic, and will prevent any of the skin diseases often contracted. A positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get Mennen's—the original. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. Sample free.
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Americans with a discriminating taste prefer
COOK'S CHAMPAGNE Imperial
Foreign Champagnes cost twice as much because they are obliged to pay duty and ship freight.
SERVED EVERYWHERE
AMERICAN WINE CO., ST. LOUIS

Evans' Ale
Nature's Tonic for Weary Heads and Hands

ONCE in a great while we hear of a man who died of good living.—*Chicago Daily News.*

BOKER'S BITTERS
Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.



UP.

AGENT.—Could I sell you a copy of this book, "How to Live on Seventy-five Cents a Day?"

BUSINESS MAN.—This says, "How to Live on Fifty-cents a Day."

AGENT.—Yes; but things have gone up 50 per cent. since that book was published.



THE SAFETY LEVER
is the one thing that immediately marks the absolute difference between the Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolvers and the "went off-by-accident" kind. The

IVER JOHNSON

Safety Automatic Revolver

can be relied upon to go off every time the trigger is pulled, and to *never* go off unless the trigger is pulled. "Hammer the Hammer" and prove it yourself.

"Shots," our Free Booklet, gives an A-B-C explanation of this *exclusive* safety principle, and tells you why it is also accurate and reliable.

Hammer, \$5.00 Hammerless, \$6.00

For sale everywhere by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers. Look for our name on the barrel and the "owl's head" on the grip.

Iver Johnson's Arms and Cycle Works
152 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
New York Office: 90 Chambers Street
Makers of Iver Johnson Bicycles and Single Barrel Shotguns




The Private Stock
of "His
Royal Highness—
The American
Gentleman."

RED TOP RYE is an honest
whiskey.

Made of choicest Northern Rye and absolutely pure limestone well water.

Ferdinand Westheimer & Sons
DISTILLERS
Cincinnati, O. St. Joseph, Mo. Louisville, Ky.

America's Finest Whiskey—
RED TOP RYE
It's up to YOU



"No one who smokes
SURBRUG'S
ARCADIA
MIXTURE

could ever attempt to describe
its delights."

Why?
The Tobaccos are all aged; thoroughly
seasoned.
Age improves flavor; adds mildness; pre-
vents biting.
In the blending, seven countries, from
Latakia to America, are called upon.
Made since 1876.
Surbrug's "Arcadia" is in a class by itself
—nothing so rich in flavor — so exila-
rating in quality. A mild stimulant.
The Delight, The Pleasure when it dawns
on you will be lasting.

AT YOUR DEALER'S.

THE SURBRUG CO., New York City

THE LOCUST.
Look here, Mistuh Locus' bug, a'-
screechin' in de tree,
We been a lis'nen' to you till we's
tired as we kin be.
You singin' an' a-playin' like you hated
foh to quit.
You 'pears to has yoh s'picious dat
you made a pow'ful hit.
De leaves is gittin' yaller an' de grass
is turnin' brown,
An' de sun he keeps a-blaizin' on de
country an' de town.
It's dat 'ar conjur chorus dat you sings
dat makes it so.
I ax you, Mistuh Locus', ain' you
never gwine to go?

You holler in de daytime an' you holler
in de night.
You's got de moon discouraged till
she's slidin' out o' sight.
An' when you kep' a-singin' till we's
all a-feelin' sad,
You stahts to play de fiddle, an' you
plays it mighty bad.
De tree toad is discouraged an' de
cricket's keepin' dark.
De lightnin' bug's so warm dat he's
afraid to show a spark.
Miss Katydid's a-waitin' an' it's time
she had a show.
I ax you, Mistuh Locus', ain't you
never gwine to go?
—*Washington Star.*

STRENUOUS LIFE.

"Say," roared the irate citizen as he
rushed into the office of the village
weekly, "where's the editor?"
"Want to see him personally?"
queried the office-boy.
"You bet I do," answered the i. c.
"I'm going to thrash him within an
inch of his life. See?"
"Oh, all right," answered the boy.
"Just have a seat, please. There are
three others ahead of you." — *Chicago*
Daily News.

AN EPICURE.

"That man is what I call a real epic-
ure," remarked a grand stand spec-
tator as a man left at the close of the
seventh inning.
"Indeed?"
"Yes. He would rather eat than see
a baseball game." — *Washington Star.*

NOTHING is more sad than forced
cheerfulness. — *Chicago Daily News.*

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"



"My heart is as full as my glass,
when I drink to you, old friend."

Trimble

Whiskey
Green Label.

SOLE PROPRIETORS
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.
Phila. and New York

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS

ESTABLISHED
1793

RECUPERATION.

The camp days now draw near an end —
Good times are always short, alack! —
But as their way they homeward wend
The boys may find, when they unbend,
It's rather restful to get back.
—*The Aching Bones and Other Ditties.*

WHAT SHE REALLY WANTED.

APPLICANT. — I called to see you with regard to your advertisement in to-
day's paper under the head of "Help Wanted."
MRS. HOMER. — That was a typographical error. I want a girl to do all
the work, not to help. — *Columbus Dispatch.*

In this age of substitution somebody should substitute something for the
walking delegate. — *Chicago Daily News.*

Did You Save It?

Look back over your accounts. Open
your purse and see how plainly you
can see the bottom. Look at the bank
book, and compare last month's balance
with this.

Where is the dollar, or five, or ten that
you meant to save? Did you save what
you meant to?

The Prudential

can and will help you. It can provide a way of saving,
and make it decidedly to your own and your family's
advantage to save systematically. It can also make
your savings earn something from the start.

And if, while you are saving, you should be
suddenly taken away, your family will receive
immediately the insurance money which your
payments secured from the very beginning.

All this sets a man thinking. The
six million Prudential policies now in
force bear witness to their endorse-
ment by millions of provident
people.

Send coupon to-day for in-
formation of Profit-Sharing
Endowment Policies.

**SEND COUPON
TO-DAY**

Without
committing
myself to any
action, I shall
be glad to re-
ceive free partic-
ulars and rates of
Endowment Policies.

For \$.....
Name.....Age.....
Address.....
Occupation.....Dept. P.
The Prudential Insurance Co.
of America

Incorporated as a Stock Co. by the State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN Home Office:
President NEWARK, N. J.

PUCK

MARGUERITE MORAN.



I.
OH, niver in the county Clare you'll find her aiquat annywhere, no maid
so blithesome, none so fair
Since iver Time began;
Wan look of pleadin' divilry across the ballroom's rivlry and all your
sinse av chivalry
'T would rouse for Meg Moran!

Meg's heart in love's morasses shtuck; a gallant lad, a jovial buck, her
thrimblin' heart be shtorm had tu'k
Wan day; so home she ran
To doff her youthful cutty-clo'es; paint out the freckles an her nose, and
aff to convint school she goes
As Marguerite Moran!

Ochone! ochone! the shtyle she flings—the loads av grammar, too, she
slings!—her hid is filled wid' numerous things
Unknown to anny man!
Whurroo! but she's th' handsome maid, a winnin'-way'd but fickle jade,
for torturin' hearts is jist the trade
For Marguerite Moran!



II.
Those ger-rls that goes to convint schools, howe'er they l'arn their social
rules, can make more min their aisy fools
Than home-kept maidens can;
More b'yes there wor whose hids wor cracked, shillelah-whacked, wid "peep-
ers" blacked! an' manny a handsome "catch" she "sacked,"
Did Marguerite Moran!

But at the convint—sthrange it seems!—at mornin' beams or av'nin's
gleams, 't was "Larry, lad!" was in her dhreams—
Forget him ne'er she can!
His len'th av limb, so tap'rin'-slim, his youthful vim, the glance av him, all
made wid pride the oyes to swim
Of Marguerite Moran!

Thin home she comes for holidays, wid charmin' ways an' satin stays,
and on how many sthrings she plays,
And wields a fatal fan!
For Marguerite, howe'er so swate, wid dainty fate, supremely nate, still
pines—there's something incomplete
Wid Marguerite Moran!

III.
She wint to mass, did Margery, and Father Dee was dhrunk wid glee, her
hoaxin', coxin' face to see,
And leisurely to scan;
Timpation, thin, to put to rout, and exorcise the divils out, he "made the
cross," widout a doubt,
'G'inst Marguerite Moran!

"For Meg's the charmin'est av ger-rls, wid tathe av pear-rls an' goolden
cur-rls, and fit to mate wid Jukes and Ear-rls,"
Remarks her feyther, Dan;
"Besides she hov a pretty wit—there's none supayrior to it, and whin her
oye's wid anger lit—
Beware of Meg Moran!"

Indade, and Larry found it so! the "Marguerite" he c'u'dn' go; he
"Meg'd" her, tho', forever, so
She placed him "under ban;"
"Whin you can shpake a lady's name," at him she came wid oyes aflame,
"our ancient game we'll play the same,"
Says "Marguerite" Moran.

IV.
Says Larry: "Since ye wint to school, ye make your comrades play the
fool; but I'm your lover, not your tool,
And can't endorse the plan;
So you may tilt yer nose in air, my haughty fair, and—lave it there! But
I've a timper, too, and swear
You're aunly Meg Moran!"

Thin Larry flirts wid other maids, whin even shades obscure th' glades,
and goes on minny tinder raids,
As vengeful lovers can!
And Marguerite, who hears it all, finds honey-cup has turned to gall, and,
but for pride, to knees wu'd fall,
Allowin' Meg Moran!

She shtu'd his silence for a wake, her spite to wrake, till life grew blake,
and then wid tears she ran to sake
This domineering man;
"You thried," she cried, "my life to wreck!" and tucked her nose ag'in'
his neck. "Indade, indade you spught to bre'k
The heart of 'MAG' Moran!"

W. Alburn Crowell.

